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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1906.

Passing of Babcock.
The Third Wisconsin district has been
striving persistently, even desperately, for
years to pry the Hon. Joseph Weeks Babcock
loose from his seat in Congress, and now,
it seems, it has succeeded.
It is the Third Wisconsin district's affair,
and we have not a word to say as to the
wisdom or lack of wisdom involved in
this retiring this sleek, well-dressed
statesman to private life.
Ordinarily, when a conspicuous man
passes, especially if, perchance, he happens
to have had a hand in running the
District of Columbia, we point to the
noble service he rendered and lament
bitterly his untimely taking off. It is the
polite thing to do. It serves the purpose
of an application of arnica to soothe the
soreness of the departing lawmaker.
In the case of the Hon. Joseph Weeks
Babcock, however, The Washington Herald
finds it impossible to dissemble. It
loathes the dissembling to others. While
politely dissembling to the public, he
will be mislead, we are sure, but he
can be spared. Duly thankful for all his
kindly offices, we have a conviction al-
ready that the District will erect no monu-
ment to his memory. The Capital City
will become reconciled immediately.
Things may not go on in the same old
way—in fact, we are sure they won't—
but they will go on.
Greater Washington will survive with-
out him. It will try its best, anyway.

More Cabinet Changes.
We must confess to some curiosity as
to the exact reasons for the retirement
of Mr. Hitchcock from the Cabinet at
this time, and the substitution of Mr.
Garfield for this veteran of the public
service. Mr. Hitchcock has for some time
been engaged in labors of importance
to the nation; his rugged honesty and
steadfastness of purpose have been a ter-
ror to evil-doers and grafters of every
degree, and his devotion to public interests
has been undiminished by powerful corporate
and political influences. His work
in the Interior Department is far from
complete; in certain matters it has only
begun. But just as it is beginning his
retirement is announced, and he is to
make way for untitled hands.
Lincoln's advice not to swap horses
while crossing a stream would seem to
have some application here, notwith-
standing the official intimation that Mr.
Garfield will continue the "exceedingly
onerous, difficult, and responsible work of
the department." Mr. Hitchcock, we are
officially told, asked to be relieved from
the exhausting work upon which he has
been engaged. Is that the whole story?
Whether it is or not, the retirement of
Mr. Hitchcock means the loss to the ad-
ministration of one of its most valuable
officers. No spread-eagled characteriza-
tion of his administration; he was not heard on
the stump, nor was he a coiner of apt
preachments on public morality. But he
"did things" as efficiently as any strenu-
ous youngster, and his strong hand fell
upon many purveyors of rascality, to their
undoing. No fitter exemplar could be
found of Mr. Roosevelt's ideal of a public
servant.

It is different Over Here.
Following closely upon the riot precipi-
tated recently in the lobby of the British
Parliament house by the inrush of em-
battled femininity clamoring for its right
to vote, a call for a meeting was issued by
an organization styled the Society for
Keeping Woman in Her Proper Place.
Whether this society, like most organiza-
tions in England, is hoary with age, or
whether it is of mushroom growth, we
do not know. We note, however, with in-
terest that only eight of its members re-
sponded to the call. Men of the breed
in London more than a million men.
Mark, also, that only eight of this vast
masculine population cared to assemble
in a public place for the avowed purpose
of "keeping woman in her proper place."
Have the men of England lost their
courage? We doubt not that the im-
mortal eight slunk into the meeting and
then slunk away. How many of them are
married we do not know. Nine chances
in ten, they are grouchy old bachelors,
wedded if not all of whom have wooed in
vain. No account is given of the proceed-
ings of the meeting. The London news-
paper press is ever unenterprising. It
would be highly edifying to know what
was said and done at the meeting. Who
knew that that another Magna Charter
was then and there formulated, but for
obvious reasons not promulgated? The
men of Britain have been striving for
nearly a thousand years to safeguard
their liberties. One by one they have
lopped off the privileges of the Crown, un-
til now the world was beginning to think
they were self-governing freemen. But
it appears that they still have grave
problems to solve—and if there is any
cause for the organization of the Society
to Keep Woman in Her Proper Place, they
have yet to tackle the toughest problem
of them all.

We speak, of course, of the women of
Britain. There is no such problem on this
side of the Atlantic. Here woman knows
her proper place and takes it. In those
communities in the United States where

aspirations for better things? No Ameri-
can has a finer chance to retrieve him-
self, and there is no thoughtful citizen
but will wish that his power over the
masses might be more sanely and wisely
guided.
Mr. Croker says "Tammany never lost
anything in a fight for principle." Still,
Tammany might try that sort of fight
once and see what would happen.
Higher Wages for Railroad Men.
A statesmanlike stroke of corporation
policy is the action of the Pennsylvania
Railroad in raising the wages of its em-
ployees at an annual cost of \$12,500,000,
following an increase in the dividend rate
of 7 per cent. The Reading system, whose
presiding genius is the hard-headed Baer,
has also treated its employees to a 10
per cent addition to their incomes, and it
is entitled to the like praise.
The directors of these two railway cor-
porations frankly faced a situation which
has two interesting aspects: Abounding
prosperity throughout the country, which
brought them abundant revenues, and the
inevitable concomitant, if not one of the
causes of prosperity, high cost of living,
which in its effect upon those who live
on fixed incomes is much the same as a
reduction in wages. It was wisely de-
termined, therefore, to let employees share
in the prosperity of the roads and of the
country, and to recognize the claim of
labor on the increased earning capacity of
capital, which depends in a measure on
skilled and faithful service. That this
consideration for their employees will well
repay the Reading and the Pennsylvania,
we have no doubt. It will repay in bet-
ter and more cheerful service, in the
allaying of discontent, and in security
from strikes and labor disturbances.
Corporations have no souls, but their
directors have consciences. There would
be less economic unrest if there were
more economic justice.

Over in Pennsylvania the entire congres-
sional caucus has gathered together to-
day with that old familiar song, "Bless You,
Heart; I Love You in the Same Old
Way."
A man has been arrested for imperson-
ating a Pittsburgh millionaire. He was
low; he ought to be hurried along to the
foolish house.

A statistic fiend announces that New
York stock just exactly 1,349,999 shares
a day. As the figures were made imme-
diately preceding the election, however,
they are probably too high for present-
day conditions.

We hope that the President's voting in
a Chinese laundry will not be seized upon
by the Japs as a fresh evidence of un-
friendliness.
In fighting the Plunderbund, Mr. Hearst
seems to have overlooked his own Plunder-
bund.

That couple who tried to uncouple Mr.
Cupples, of St. Louis, from \$99.00 insist
they will yet succeed. They feel entitled
to at least a couple of trials.

Marriage is a lottery, and we suppose
the Castellanes and the Marlboroughs
are the blank prizes held for the people
with money enough to buy the whole
ticket.

According to the Birmingham Age-
Herald, "A man loaned a millionaire his
umbrella and received a legacy of \$6,000."
The millionaire must have been glad to
get his umbrella, even if it was only for a
loan.

Well, who lifted that Ananias cup?
Chairman Griggs says he is "a Demo-
crat with a prefix." He looks more like
a Democrat in a fix.

What's the use being a newspaper man,
anyway? The people won't elect you to
anything, and you can't get railroad
passes any more.

The new Texas legislature will have
one Republican member. His principal
business, we presume, will be serving as
a horrible example of total depravity.

"Do not let me die like a dog," wails
Count Boni to his wife. The count
needn't worry about that; he will never
outgrow puppy size.

That Indiana baby with six grandmoth-
ers certainly ought to be able to take in
all the ball games when he grows up.

"One of the government officials says
"Cuba is ruling itself in a child's hand."
With a few ways that are dark and tricks
that are vain on the side.

In dividing up the glory, due allowance
ought to be made for Judge Parker's
prayers.

We trust some one was around handy
with a bucket to catch Mr. Bryan's flood
of tears when the news reached him.

We have no doubt that Mr. Cleveland
will dig up enough big ones to properly
express his feelings, in course of time.

German papers dislike the term, "ente-
nente cordiale," and have adopted in its
stead the German equivalent, "Annue-
herungsbeziehungen." (Without attempt-
ing to say which is preferable, we feel
reasonably certain that such paragraphs
as this are calculated to upset the exist-
ing friendly relations between the para-
graph man and the linotype operators.)

Commander Peary will make another
dash for the pole, and, incidentally, seek
to push the eternal interrogation point a
few miles further north.

Evidently Pennsylvania has its doubts
about a Penrose by any other name.

Madame Schumann-Heink created quite
a disturbance the other day in Portland,
Me., because there was no cab at the de-
pot to meet her. Portland's cab ought to
attend more strictly to its business.

We have not heard of any weeping and
wailing and gnashing of teeth upon the
part of the little Japs about being de-
prived of schooling out in 'Prisco.

We wish Uncle Remus might wish with
his magazine, even though it will crowd
the newstand to a finish.

Some of King Edward's sailors have
revolted. Evidently the czar is not to
have a complete monopoly of all the
trouble in the king business.

Col. Henry Waterson denies that Ken-
tuckians drink too much. "We are pre-
pared to believe it; in fact, we do not
recall meeting one who seemed to feel
that he had enough, not to mention too
much!"

That's what comes from failure to put
the correct label on the can, Mr. Wad-
sworth.

"There are countless American girls
worthy of the proudest title in the land,"
observes a patriotic and liberty-loving
contemporary. Yes, indeed; and the count-
less ones seem to be a good deal happier
than those who take the counts.

The most cheerful optimist coming under
our notice of late is the Delaware
colored brother who declared he could see
nothing objectionable to the negro in
"The Clansman."

"When I write enough, I spell
it e-n-u-g-h," says Mr. Carnegie. Not sud!

But the benevolent and open-faced
pumpkin pie is still here, for the delight
of elected and defeated, share and share
alike.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ALL OVER.
Put the rook back away.
The election is over.
Snoot the boomerang may
Now for those twenty-four,
Who took the canard
Have a little rest
They have all labored hard;
They have worked with a zest.
Let the prize-winning man
Ease his overworked arm
And console, if he can,
Him who viewed with alarm
Let us banish our fears;
We shall need them no more
For another two years.
The election is over.

In a Double Sense.
"What, you, a captain of industry,
smoking campaign cigars?"
"Yes, I lost my all on the election."
"Ah! my poor friend! Reduced to the
ranks!"

Not Enough.
"You ought to eat frazzled oats. They're
absolutely clean."
"Yes, but take additional advantages,
however, to appeal to me."

Explained.
"Pa, what are peanut politicians?"
"Those who roll peanuts with tooth-
picks, my son. You'll see 'em any day
now."

SOREHEAD.
Election prophets make me giddy;
In fact, with anger burn.
For I prognosticated some
And didn't call the turn.

Where the Rub Comes.
"Are those pictures hung on a level?"
"That's easily found. Where's the tape
line?"
"That's not easily found."

Cynical Dilog.
We meet Diogenes.
"Hello, Diog! Still looking for an hon-
est man?"
"Naw. The woods are full of men who
got defeated solely on account of being
honest."

Having It Understood.
"Johnny," asked the Senator's wife,
"won't you wash your ears just to please
your poor mother?"
"I guess so. But understand, ma, this
is no precedent."

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

THE PERFECT CHILD.
The Perfect Child is one who don't
Say "ain't" and "can't" and "shan't" and
"won't."
Who never gobbles when he eats,
Who household gossip ne'er repeats,
Whose hands and face are always clean,
Whose clothes are never, never seen
Besmirched with mud, or torn by nails;
Who never sulks, or frowns, or wails.

The Perfect Child speaks not to you
Unless he first is spoken to;
He never makes the door go bang;
He never uses naughty slang;
He's always gentle in his play;
"Yes, ma'am," or "No, ma'am," he will
say—
But O, wherever you may roam
You never find that Child at home.

OUR OWN SOLOMON.
He Maketh a Few Observations Upon
the Craft of Fashion, and Draw-
eth a Helpful Moral Therefrom.
My son, hearken unto the words of wis-
dom.
Behold, there was a woman, and her
name was Ina Nutter, and the place of
her abode is written in the book that
is called the City Directory.
And she said unto herself: "Verily, I
must get me new garments and a new
hat for my head, for all the other women
have them."
And she made speech unto her husband,
telling him this.
And her husband groined with a loud
groan and said: "Another dress and an-
other hat? It is not three months since
you got a new dress and a new hat, and
you are already asking for more. You
will fall into ruin, or thy late summer
raiment, or something!"

But Ina Nutter said unto her husband,
whose name was Heeza Nutter: "Hast
thou not read that the fashions have
changed?"
And her husband, being a foolish man
and having little wit, said say that he
would go with her even unto the market
places where dresses and hats were ex-
posed for barter and sale, and he would
see that she got what she should get and
did not pay too much therefor.

And it was so.
Now, on a day went Heeza Nutter and
his wife, Ina Nutter, to the market
places.
And Heeza Nutter asked of a floor-
walker where they should go for a hat.
But before the floorwalker could make
reply Ina Nutter began telling unto him
the manner of hat she wanted, also de-
scribing why she wanted it, and how ter-
rific she had with the plumes which she
got last spring.

And while they were standing and talk-
ing there came into the place a number
of women, seated and standing, and they
pushed into them, and they pressed Heeza
Nutter against the wall, and they stepped
upon his toes, which were afflicted with corns.
Whereat he made moan and did say
many things which were very foolish.

And when he looked up, behold, his wife
was not there. And he asked of the
floorwalker where he might find his wife.
And the floorwalker told him that he
should go to the ladies' entrance, and
asked over and take the elevator up to the
fifth floor, and then go fourteen aisles
across and turn to the left.

And Heeza Nutter did so, but he found
no wife, for she was not there.
And all that day he counted aisles, and
when the evening was come he was faint
from weariness, and he inquired the
way out, and he was led out even as a
blind man.

And when he was returned unto his
home he found that his wife had pur-
chased two hats because the wife of Gotta
Lott had bought two, and likewise had
purchased four dresses because the wife
of Spenda Heep had four dresses.

And Heeza Nutter sat him down and
wept.
My son, it is folly for him that is going
to get the worst of it to go and ask for
more of it.
Is it not so, even as we have ripped it
from the bias ribbon of this typewriter?
Yea, even more so. Selah.

WILBUR NESSBIT.
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Did Not Count.
From Harper's Weekly.
There is a small boy in Pittsburgh who is
intensely patriotic, and who is, as a rule,
a very well-informed Sunday-school stu-
dent. Not long ago there were some vis-
itors, and Tommy's class, wishing to
show off their class to the best advantage,
called upon him to answer a series of
questions. All went well until the very
usual one, "who was the first man?"

"George Washington—first in war, first
in peace," Tommy began enthusiastically, but
the teacher hastily interrupted.
"No, no, dear; you mean Adam, don't
you?"
"Oh, if you are talking about Dagoes,
I s'pose he might be," admitted Tommy.

The Older the Better.
From the New York World.
When Prof. Burgess told Berlin that the
Monroe doctrine was superannuated he did
not suspect that the old thing carried
weight for age in his kick.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Mr. Moody's Other Offer.
Now that it is definitely settled that
Attorney General Moody is to go on the
Supreme Bench to succeed Mr. Justice
Brown, it is recalled by persons who are
in close touch with White House affairs
that soon after the President took Mr.
Moody from a seat in the House and put
him at the head of the Navy Department,
he offered him an appointment to the
Federal district bench in Massachusetts.
Mr. Moody declined this, because, at that
time he had determined to quit public
office entirely after occupying a Cabinet
position for a few years, and form a lucra-
tive law partnership at Boston. No less
a person than the late Mr. Justice
Gray, of Massachusetts, earnestly urged
Mr. Moody to accept the proffered ap-
pointment to the bench, intimating that
when he (Justice Gray) should retire
shortly, Mr. Moody could be promoted
from the District to the Supreme Bench.
The subject was discussed by Mr. Moody's
friends for several weeks. It is stated
further that had not the President map-
ped out a course of investigation and
prosecution by the Department of Jus-
tice of various of the largest firms have
selected Mr. Moody for the vacancy caused
by the retirement of Justice Gray, al-
though he held Mr. Justice Holmes in
very high esteem. When Mr. Moody shall
take his seat in the Supreme Court, it
will be the first time that two of the
members of that great tribunal were from
the same State.

Ethan Allen Hitchcock.
It goes without saying, of course, that
when the Hon. Ethan Allen Hitchcock
lays down the office of Secretary of the
Interior every land baron in the United
States will breathe easier. No man who
has ever held that office has been such a
terror to the land grafters in the West.
Few Cabinet officers have made them-
selves as unpopular as Mr. Hitchcock
has been ever since he showed his de-
termination to protect the public domain
from the land barons. The influences
arrayed against him have been stupendous
in their numbers. They have ramified
the highest official circles. But sturdy
Missouri business man has never
faltered. He entered public life without
the usual preparation. St. Louisans in
Washington recall how, when the news
was sent to that city that Mr. Hitchcock
had been selected by President McKinley
early in 1887 as Ambassador to St. Peters-
burg, the newspapers and politicians of
the community thought that the man se-
lected for the post was Henry Hitchcock,
brother of the Secretary who for many
years was a prominent and popular law-
yer in St. Louis. Ethan Allen Hitchcock
had never figured publicly in politics,
though it was known in business circles
that as one of the largest glass manu-
facturers in the country, he had man-
ifested great interest in the election of
Mr. McKinley. He has applied to his pub-
lic duties the same stern, rigid rules that
he followed in his private business mat-
ters—that is, he has done his duty to the
best limit of official red tape and circum-
locution.

Garfield's Rapid Rise.
The rise of James Rudolph Garfield po-
litically has been the most rapid and
meteoric of any man connected with the
Roosevelt administration, and when he
enters the Cabinet next March as Sec-
retary of the Interior he will be one of the
youngest men ever intrusted with so im-
portant a post. Mr. Cortelyou, who from
the position of stenographer to a Demo-
cratic Fourth Assistant Postmaster Gen-
eral, has, in twelve years, been brought
within reach of the second most impor-
tant Cabinet portfolio, that of Secretary
of the Treasury, was a few months short
of forty-one years of age when appointed
to his first Cabinet position by President
Roosevelt, that of Secretary of Commerce
and Labor. Mr. Garfield, at the age of
forty-one. The only other office he held
before he was called to Washington by
President Roosevelt to become a member
of the Civil Service Commission was that
of a State senator in Ohio. He served in
that office one term, and then made an
unsuccessful contest against the Hon. Ja-
cob Beldier for nomination for Congress.
At that defeat he began the practice
law in Cleveland with his older brother,
and, another brother, by the way, is a
lecturer at Princeton on politics and cog-
nate themes. That the President thinks
very much of Mr. Garfield is shown by
the fact that about two years ago he
offered him an appointment to the Federal
bench in Ohio, which was declined for the
reason that Mr. Garfield desired event-
ually to make for himself a political career.
He told the President, in his frankness
and the President as frankly declared
that he would do all he could to advance
his interests. The President calls him
"Jimmy" and esteems him one of the
best tennis players in Washington.

The President's Barber.
Of swarthy complexion and saturnine
mien is William Dulaney, who enjoys the
distinction of being the White House
barber. This, of course, is not Dulaney's
official title, though just what title it is
before the public is a matter of public
payrolls is not known. Naturally, how-
ever, Dulaney manifests more pride in his
distinction as the President's barber than
in other honors that attach to service at
the White House. Promptly at 1:15 every
afternoon when President Roosevelt is in
his official residence, Dulaney may be
seen to enter softly the small ante-
room that separates the Presidential
sanctum sanctorum from Secretary
Lundy's office. If the President is not there
Dulaney waits patiently and silently,
knowing that his distinguished customer
will come along very shortly. When the
President arrives, usually bounding in-
through the door from his office, in a
great rush, Dulaney takes his place at the
back of a big upholstered chair pawnered
after all the chairs commonly used in
the executive department. Back into this
chair the Presidential form is stretch-
ed, which is the signal for the silent Du-
laney to begin his operations. First, a
thin layer of lather is spread, and with-
out "rubbing it in," as the barber would
say, Dulaney begins to scrape with a keen
razor of ordinary make. Frequently the
President entertains a late morning caller
while being shaved, and though the Chief
Executive keeps up a constant fire of
talk, it seems not to perturb the calm-
visaged Dulaney in the least. "Once
over" is the standing order with Dulaney,
and he seldom shaves very hastily. When
the President is shaved, usually in eight
minutes by the watch, the President is
then ready for luncheon, and skips away.
As if justly proud of having per-
formed his public functions satisfactorily,
William Dulaney glides noiselessly
from the room, speaking not a word the
while.

Hysteria in Chicago.
From the Chicago Chronicle.
If there were more newspapers like The
Chronicle and more statesmen like Theo-
dore Roosevelt and Elihu Root malicious
perverts with twenty millions of unceremon-
ious money to squander in the corruption of
their fellow men would soon come to the
gallows.

Favors Separate Schools.
From the Sacramento Union.
The protest against mixed schools is
in the judgment of the Union, well-
founded and entirely justifiable. Our
schools are maintained for the training
of our own children, not as agencies for
the Americanization of foreign and alien
races which have no natural or possible
part in our civilization.

To Tell What Not To Expect.
From the Atlanta Journal.
Why is a railroad schedule?

VIEW OF THE ELECTION.

Press Comment on the Result in New
York and Elsewhere.
From the Providence Journal.
The lesson is too clear for comment.
If demagogues of Hearst's stamp are not
to win a perilous ascendancy over the
American people those who have the
power must set their house in order. It
is to the credit of President Roosevelt
that he has perceived this fact, and that
he has undertaken in all sincerity the re-
forms which Hearst has been advocating
for his own selfish ends.

From the Chicago Chronicle.
As a natural result of the incredible
folly and timidity of New York Republi-
cans we may now look forward to two
years more of political violence, with al-
most a certainty that at the end of that
time the whole country will be rocked
with a Hearst Presidential campaign of
unexampled fury.

From the Boston Herald.
The majority against Mr. Moran, car-
rying with it a rejection of the endorse-
ment of Bryan and the laudation of
Hearst, is conclusive and adequate. What
was heralded as "the rising tide of rad-
icalism," that was to sweep all before
it, has been turned back by the conserva-
tive instinct and the ruling common
sense of the voters.

From the Richmond News-Leader.
We hope sincerely that the result in
New York takes the chronic mischief-
maker of the yellow journals out of po-
litics as a Presidential possibility. We do
not see how he can be considered seri-
ously in view of his failure to carry his
own State for governor.

From the Cleveland Leader.
Revolution has been beaten by progress.
The "square deal" has stopped the onset
of socialism. The country has voted for
reform and rejected extreme experiments.
It has trusted Roosevelt instead of
Hearst.

From the Brooklyn Standard Union.
Even those who voted for Hearst will
within a year rejoice over the victory of
Hughes.

From the New York Globe.
The people have shown capacity to dis-
criminate, and the demonstration is worth
all the effort that it has cost.

From the Pittsburgh Sun.
The Democrats have been defeated, but
the honors of war are theirs. The party
of profligacy, corruption, and privilege
has gained a little longer lease of power
at a ruinous sacrifice.

From the Petersburg (Va.) Index Appeal.
Mr. Hearst made a gallant fight against
unprecedented odds, and while his defeat
will be a great disappointment to him
and his friends, it will hardly be denied
that he has grown immensely in the esti-
mation of the people of the country, and
that he has established himself as a fac-
tor in American politics that must be
seriously considered hereafter.

Officer Had Nerve.
From the London Telegraph.
The Russian field marshal, Paskievitch,
records the following incident: On one
occasion he had ordered a well-stained
shell fire to be opened on a certain point
which obstructed him in his operations,
and impatiently awaited the result. See-
ing that his orders were not obeyed, Pas-
kievitch set spurs to his horse, and gal-
loped toward the eminence on which
the unlucky battery was stationed.

From the London Telegraph.
"Who is the fool in command here?" he
asked.
"I am," answered the officer, stepping
up to the general.
"Well, captain, how is it your shells
have not got to work yet?"
"Because they are bad, and won't ex-
plode," he replied.

"All boss," I tell you, sir; you don't
catch me with such silly stuff. This very
evening you shall be tried by court-mar-
tial."

The captain then took a shell out of
the heap, lighted the fuse, and, holding
the smoking projectile in his hand, he
saluted his superior officer, saying: "See
for yourself!" Paskievitch waited until
winded, stood with folded arms awaiting to
see whether the shell would burst or the
fuse go out. When the match had gone
out, the captain threw the shell on the
ground, and the general, muttering to
himself, "He is right," rushed off to the
sector in action to take some other mea-
sures. The same evening, however, he
sent the captain the Cross of St. Vladi-
mir.

Didn't Intend to Pay Rent.
From Lipnitch's.
At one time there lived in Worcester,
Mass., an old negro who had a tremen-
dous influence, religious and political, in
the settlement where he lived. He occu-
pied a little house owned by a prominent
banker, but had successfully evaded the
payment of rent for many years. No
trouble came, however, until the banker
was nominated to run for a political
office. The next day the old negro came
hobbling into his office.
"Well, Sam," said the banker, "I sup-
pose you've come in to pay me some
rent."

"Oh, no, boss," replied the old man.
"I s'pose you mean to say I s'posed you
are nominated, and will tell de res' of dese
no 'count niggers to vote fo' yo, and to
mention to yo at de same time dat de
roof of my house is a leakin', an if it
'toun't fixed I'll have to move out di-
rectly."

Why the Lecture Ended.
From Lipnitch's.
A certain professor was giving his
pupils a lecture on "Scotland and the
South." "These sandy men," he said,
"think nothing of swimming across the
Tay three times every morning before
breakfast."

Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came
from the center of the hall, and the pro-
fessor, amazed at the idea of any one
daring to interrupt him in the middle
of his lecture, angrily asked the offender
what he meant by such conduct.

"I was just thinking, sir," replied the
lad, "that the poor Scotch chaps would
find themselves on the wrong side of their
clothes when they landed."

Just Showing Him.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.
"There is where Rev. Dr. Goodley lives,"
she said.
"Yes. What about him?" he asked.
"Oh, nothing. Right across the street
there is the home of Mr. Plunkett."
"Plunkett? Who is he?"
"Do you know? He is the—the al-
derman who issues the marriage licenses."

"Anything remarkable about him?"
"No—oh, no, nothing at all. Good-by. I
think I'll run in here and call on Mrs.
Westley. She's always so interesting."

Troublesome Race Question.
From the Minneapolis Tribune.
This troublesome race question meets
us at every turn. It seems almost a
pity that Anglo-Saxon people cannot meet
it in the broad and cheerful spirit of ac-
commodation displayed by our Latin
neighbors in Canada. It is against the
law to keep the races apart, and it is
probably true that the new countries
are purifying themselves by keeping the
races apart.

HEARD AT HOTELS.

"It's a great mistake to think that Eng-
land is losing out, or suffering any de-
cline in a commercial, financial, or indus-
trial way," said Mr. Robert P. Porter,
former superintendent of the census, and
English born himself, to a Herald re-
porter at the New Willard.
"The increased volume of exports from
the United Kingdom is the best refutation
of the country's alleged business de-
cadence. Let any man go visit Sheffield
and note the wonderful improvements and
industrial enlargement of that great man-
ufacturing center, if he would ascertain
the real state of affairs in Britain. This
will offset whole columns of chatter about
the army of unemployed in London. It
is true that there is such an army, but
it is composed to a certain extent of
East Side idlers, men who are hunting
wages but not work. It is easy to get
up parades and processions made up of
this material, but they do not represent
the genuine workmen of the country."